

THE RATS SHOULD GO.

A single rat that is "suspicious looking" among many examined for signs of plague is nothing alarming. It appears, however, sufficient reason for taking precautions against imported rats. The bubonic plague has appeared at several points in the tropics and vessels which came here from those points may bring infected rats. Where the disease is known such vessels will be quarantined and presumably the rats will be killed, says the Philadelphia Press. Nevertheless, the danger of plague gaining a foothold will always exist so long as there are cases of plague in countries with which we have commercial relations and rats find tolerance within the city limits. New Orleans has discovered a plague-infected rat and we presume it will take precautions suggested by that fact. It suppressed yellow fever by exterminating the yellow fever mosquito and we have no doubt it will rid itself of rats if convinced that it is the only way to bar the bubonic plague from that very susceptible city. San Francisco warred upon its rats with thoroughness and success and practically suppressed the plague which is always threatening it through its trade with Asia. We do not suppose the plague would appear here in any case in its severe form, but nevertheless we should take no chances. The rats should go.

Every student of economic conditions in the United States knows that more farmers are needed to make agriculture keep pace with other industries. The project to divert to the farms immigrants coming to Chicago, by establishing on the lake front near Twenty-second street an agricultural and industrial exposition building with special features for the instruction of the newcomers in the possibilities of country life, is one that should interest the public greatly. Too many of our immigrants, even those bred in the country and capable of becoming immediately useful on farms, settle in our large cities. The country districts need them, the cities do not, says the Chicago Record-Herald. In the cities there are now few chances for them compared with those that existed a few years ago. The newcomers can better themselves and the nation by becoming producers instead of consumers of farm products. Immigrants who are sound physically, mentally and morally, will be valuable to the United States for a long time to come, if they can be turned to supplying the real needs of the country. The problem of these placing workers where they are needed is rightly receiving much attention.

A Chicago judge who is entitled to rank with Solomon has decided that the idea about beauty unadorned is out of date, and that a man who marries a beautiful woman is obliged to supply its adornments to the best of his ability. This decision ought to add to the market value of the plain girl as a more economical matrimonial investment.

Again it is announced that the days of the hobble skirt are numbered. The announcement is made so often, and the hobble skirt is so apparently unbecoming, that the public, who have any hint of the abolition of this abomination, are beginning to feel a trifle uneasy.

Eighty-one women in Seattle want to be policemen, for that number took the examination which is to add four of the fairer sex to the local force. This number may be explained by the answer of one as to her occupation: "To support myself and my husband."

This is a cynical, mercenary age. The same news item that told us how a young man proposed to his sweetheart in Detroit by telephoning from Chicago added that it cost \$4.85, just as if the expenditure might not have been justified.

Where the hydro-aeroplane has an advantage over the plain aeroplane is that it may hit the water instead of hard ground when it comes down too soon. On the other hand, it has to carry its name.

"Convention of women in Boston adjourned because 'it was too hot to talk.'" This is the first notification that Boston has broken the world's heat record.

Prof. Smith of the University of Minnesota says there ought to be a law to prevent feeble-minded women from marrying. Why women? Will the feeble-minded men be retained to pass on the question whether the feminine aspirants are feeble-minded or not?

Pennsylvania man locked up his daughter and prevented her wedding. Love does not always laugh at lock-smiths.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

International Apollo Who is Strong on the Job



LOS ANGELES, Cal.—The champion "beat man" in all Los Angeles was discovered the other night. He is G. G. Harootian, who lives at No. 1147 Dewey avenue.

To his credit he has eleven marriages. All these he personally arranged as matchmaker, and at all of them he acted as best man. What is more, all the marriages have resulted happily, and an even dozen healthy and hearty youngsters have been added to the population of Los Angeles as a result.

The latest consummation of the matchmaking proclivities of Harootian occurred when Miss Bessie King, a charming English girl, and M. G. Roobian, a thrifty young Armenian, were married by Rev. P. J. McDonald, pastor of the Reformed Church. Of course, Harootian was best man.

The activity of Harootian as an ally of Cupid had its origin in a desire of the thrifty young Armenian of Los Angeles to take unto themselves English girls or girls of

other Saxon nations as wives. It began when Harootian, himself, fell a victim to the bright eyes of an English lass. That was about five years ago. The marriage of the Harootians was so blissful and resulted in so much happiness that he decided that the marriage of the 200 young Armenians of good standing and sufficient worldly goods in this city would solve the problem of taking care of these fiery young bloods.

His first "victim" was a friend, G. Mouradian. He met the latter in the park one day and told him of his happy home, and then took him there to dinner. He knew of a charming young English girl who was of marriageable age and was desirable. He brought the two together at the Reformed Church, and within two weeks a marriage resulted. Certainly Harootian was best man.

Then in rapid succession followed S. Marbo, a musician, who was introduced to a young Saxon girl and gave her no peace until she was Mrs. Marbo; Jacob Halvajian, George Gasvinnie, Samuel Bahi, Robert Tootjian, M. Garo, R. Dujlian, D. Safady and lastly M. G. Roobian. "There are 520 Armenians in Los Angeles," said Harootian, "and all of them are thrifty. Of this number perhaps 200 are young men of marriageable age. There are but two Armenian girls in Los Angeles."

"Odiva, the Diver's" Bathing Suits Are Burned

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Six charred garments, once the dainty bathing suits of Miss Alma Beaumont, who is known to fame as "Odiva, the diver," were offered as evidence against Mrs. Emma Adams, wife of Charles F. Adams, Odiva's manager, who was charged with malicious mischief before Magistrate McGuire the other day.

Mrs. Adams, who sat erectly in court and manifested supreme disdain, merely sniffed when the flame-scarred garments were displayed to the court. Mrs. Adams apparently was very well pleased over the fact that Odiva never again would don those suits to emulate the mermaid.

The first witness against Mrs. Adams was her husband, the impresario of the swimming tank. Mr. Adams told a sorrowful story. He had brought Odiva from a tour, during which she had delighted thousands with her amphibious performances. Eight bathing suits, that cost in the aggregate \$170, needed laundering. Would Mrs. Adams please launder them? Not on your life, she would not!

"Well," quoth Mr. Adams, "then I myself will launder them."



And he did, hanging them out to dry on a clothes line in the back yard of the Adams' home, at Bergen Beach. After he had finished the washing and hung the wash out, Mr. Adams came into the city and did not return until the next day, which was Aug. 14. Desolation awaited him. The bathing suits lay in a charred mass before the porch of his home.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Tut, tut!" replied Mrs. Adams. "They are burned. Can't you see?" Mr. Adams reported the catastrophe to Odiva, who procured a warrant against Mrs. Adams. Magistrate McGuire released Mrs. Adams on the ground that there was no evidence to show she had started the fire.

Brand New Baby Is Hunted Down as a Burglar



CHICAGO.—The stork made so much noise breaking into the rear door of Lawrence McCarthy's house, at 1759 West Twenty-third street, early the other morning, that neighbors thought that it couldn't be anything less than a burglar—perhaps a dozen of them.

A frightened woman who saw lights suddenly turned up in the house and saw several persons moving about within telephoned to the police and asked that policemen be hurried to the place to capture the supposed burglar.

Policeman Joseph Hoffman hurried to the house, drew his trusty revolver and tapped lightly on the front door. McCarthy answered the knock.

"Merry Widows" Were Barred in This Ball Game

DETROIT, MICH.—Untutored women who have not learned that one of the rules of baseball excludes outsiders from the diamond during a game, are learning better these days when they undertake to take the short cut across the city hall lawn.

Exciting contests are staged every afternoon on the broad walk which runs from Fort to Griswold streets past the city hall steps. The teams are made up of "newsies," who while away the time when waiting for editions. The space is somewhat limited for a life-size game, and ground rules require a "dead" ball, improvised from a tobacco pouch stuffed with paper.

Bare palms serve for bats, and the hits are usually such as the pitcher can field. To tag a base-runner all he has to do is to throw the "pill" and hit any part of the runner's person.

All would be well if outsiders did not trespass on the diamond. One day last week the game was nearly disrupted by a woman with a hat that survived the "Merry Widow" epoch. She came up behind the pitcher unseen by him. He sent one singing over the middle of the plate and it

"Is he there?" whispered the policeman to the happy father.

"Sure, and a big fellow, too," was the whispered reply.

"Where is he?"

"He's in the back bedroom. Want to go back?" asked McCarthy.

"Certainly, I'll go back. Just let me get one look at him."

"The nurse is in there, too," said the father, eyeing the policeman.

"What! Why, she may be killed by this time!"

"No, he isn't so savage as that, although he is a strapping big fellow."

The door was pushed gently open and the policeman, still clutching his revolver, leaped in. He looked at the baby, soundly sleeping in the arms of a smiling nurse, and then turned to the father.

"I thought all the time it was a burglar. Isn't it?"

"Of course not. He's going to be a policeman, not a burglar," said McCarthy.

Then Hoffman returned to the police station and announced that it was too early to arrest the person who had broken into the McCarthy home.



was met on the nose of the bat—or fist—and came back spinning directly on the middle of the big head-piece, where it lodged.

Ground rules failed to provide any base limit where the ball fell on a "Merry Widow" hat, and the batsman was burning up the base lines with good chance of a home run. It was an emergency, and the pitcher-fielder proved a Ty Cobb.

With one hand on the woman's shoulder, he made a jump for the new millinery ornament. The woman did not understand, and turned to protest and as she did so the ball fell into the pitcher's hand, just in time to "paste" the base runner between third and home plate.

Historic Blackguards

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Eric the Red, the Scoundrel Who May Have Caused America's Discovery



A NORSE pirate—fierce of hair and temper; shaggy, gigantic, cruel—committed a murder that led indirectly to America's discovery. Here is the story:

Eric the Red was a Viking; chief of a band of sea robbers and all around ruffians, whom he held in check by a brutality even greater than their own. He was born in Norway about 950 A. D., and was the son of a Jarl, or Earl. In the intervals between his voyages of piracy he ruled a group of barren farms and fed at his table a throng of hard drinking, loud voiced Vikings who had sworn allegiance to him.

Laws were few in that land, and age of violence. Human life was cheap. Yet Eric committed a murder so revolting as to shock even the hardened Norsemen. To save his own life he was forced to flee from the country.

With his followers he sailed to Iceland. There he established a new home. But his stay was brief. His bloodthirsty yearnings would not conform to any law, and in 984 he fled once more for his life, after a second murder. Homeless, an outlaw, a price on his head, Eric the Red sought for headquarters far enough from civilization to make a safe abiding place for him. He and his men scoured the northern seas in their serpent-prowed galleys, until at last, after doubling Cape Farewell, they came upon a vast tract of ground covered with high green grass, on which thousands of reindeer were feeding. Here Eric landed and founded a city. He named the country "Greenland." Rumors of its whereabouts had come to him from another Viking.

Nor was Greenland the only strange country of which wandering Vikings had told Eric. These sea robbers in their restless journeys in search of plunder were often swept out of all known routes by storms. More than one survivor of such voyages had spoken of having sighted a great land

far to the westward. Eric was uncertain how long Greenland might prove a safe asylum for him, and he was ever eager to find new haunts for loot and pillage. So he decided to explore this strange westward country and establish a colony there. In the year 1000 A. D., or thereabouts, he bade his son Lief to join in the expedition.

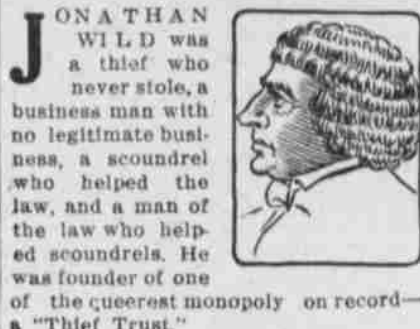
Lief was well-nigh as fierce and brutal as his father, but he had many finer qualities as well. He was high in the service of King Olaf of Norway and was known as "The King's Guardsman." His constant good fortune had also won for him the nickname of "Lief the Lucky." Like the rest of King Olaf's court, he had embraced Christianity, forswearing the heathen Norse gods and forcing his followers to do the same. Eric was furious at his son's conversion. A fierce quarrel arose between the two, but their differences were at last patched up and they made ready for their joint voyage of discovery.

As the Vikings hastened down to the waiting ships Eric rode at their head. His horse, according to the story, stumbled and threw him just as they reached the water's edge. To Eric's superstitious mind this seemed an omen of disaster. He refused to go on the expedition and sent Lief as its commander. This filled the Vikings with joy, for they hated Eric and loved his gallant son.

After a long sail westward Lief came to a gloomy, cloud-wrapped country (probably Newfoundland) and sailed southward, looking for less forbidding shores. He found them. He is supposed to have landed somewhere along the southeastern New England coast. The place seemed a paradise to these men from the bleak north. The soil was rich and verdant. Wild grapes grew everywhere. Lief, because of the multitude of grapes, called the country "Vinland," or "Wine-land."

Here he is supposed to have founded a colony before carrying back to Greenland the news of his wonderful discovery. Other Norse colonies are believed to have followed him to New England, but their fate and their very existence is shrouded in doubt.

Jonathan Wild, Founder of the "Thief Trust"



JONATHAN WILD was a thief who never stole, a business man with no legitimate business, a scoundrel who helped the law, and a man of the law who helped scoundrels. He was founder of one of the queerest monopolies on record—a "Thief Trust."

Wild was born in 1682. He was a Birmingham buckle-maker by trade and came to London as a young man to improve his fortune. A life of dissipation quickly landed him in prison for debt. There he stayed four years, becoming acquainted with almost every thief in London and gaining a strong influence over most of them. By the time he had scraped together enough money to buy his freedom he had already outlined his future career. He saw that crooks never really succeed in life. So he decided to stay "technically" honest, and to profit by others' crimes. Renting a low water-side tavern, he made friends with more outcasts and at last had a large enough following to take up the profession he had planned.

Calling to him a number of notorious thieves, Wild made them a little speech. He explained that the new laws had made life hard for robbers. Theft was not only a "hanging offense," but the receivers of stolen goods were so closely watched that they dared not do business. So he suggested an improvement on the old methods. Any one committing a theft was to come at once to Wild and tell all about it. Wild in turn was to get to the person robbed, and on the latter's promise to ask no questions, was to offer to return the stolen articles—in payment of a substantial reward. This reward he would give to the thief in exchange for the plunder, keeping one-third of the money as his own commission.

It was a simple arrangement. The victim would get back his property by paying a certain sum; the thieves would make more money than by dealing with regular "receivers" or "fences." Wild, with no danger to himself, would reap a tidy commission on every robbery.

From the first his business prospered. He himself stole nothing, nor did he in any way come within reach of the law. A house, for instance, would be robbed of \$2,000 worth of valuables. Wild would go to the owner and tell him that for \$500 he would find the lost goods. The money was paid and the goods were returned. Wild clearing \$200 on the deal. The work was profitable to him and to the thieves alike. By the world at large he was regarded as a shrewd detective, who

was singularly fortunate in tracing lost property. Most people were glad enough to get back their belongings without insisting on the thief's arrest. Wild grew rich, bought a big house and was highly respected. He even added smuggling as a "side line" to his business.

He managed to get thieves wholly in his power by hunting up evidence which (should he place it in the hands of the law) would hang them. By holding this threat over their heads, Wild made the great army of crooks give him slavish obedience and deal exclusively with him. It was a regular "Trust." Once in awhile some stubborn rogue would disobey an order or would refuse to dispose of his booty through the trust's agency. Then Wild, as a reputable citizen, would lay his evidence before the police and would help personally in the capture. Sometimes these arrested slaves of his would turn on him. His body, in fact, was covered with wounds, and in one tussle his skull was fractured. But these cases of rebellion were uncommon.

Robbery thrived as never before. At last parliament was forced to pass a law making it a felony for any one to take money on pretense of restoring stolen goods unless he should also produce the thief. Wild was rich enough to have retired, but the spirit of graft was too strong for him. Hitherto he had been on the right side of the law. Now he found himself on the wrong side of it. He continued to wrong thieves' ill-earned money from them and to betray such as failed to follow his orders. At last, in 1725, he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

As the hangman's cart bore him to Tyburn (London's place of execution) the crowd mobbed him, yelling "Judas!" and stoning the trembling old rascal, leaving little work for the executioner to do when the cart at last reached Tyburn.

Have Faith in the People.

Let us believe in the great mass of the people—not because they are intellectually clever, not because they are independent thinkers, but because in the long run the safest and sanest safeguards of national character are to be found not in the mental attitude of the few, but in the sound, sane feeling laid down in the fundamental character of the great mass of the nation.—Prof. George E. Vincent.

Almost an Atheist.

Hyles—Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist, and I believe he is.

Bonter—I wouldn't like to go as far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being.

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Utah Case.
Mrs. James Crooke, First St., N. W., American Fork, Utah, says: "For over ten years I was afflicted with kidney complaint. Often the pain in my back was so severe that I almost fell to the floor. The kidney secretions were unnatural. There was tenderness across my loins. Doan's Kidney Pills were brought in my attention and they cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York.

Defined.
"What's a 'moral victory,' pa?"
"Any fight you win where the loser gets all the money."—Judge.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

A Guess.
"Why did Mand want to go into the garden, sis?"
"I suppose, dear child, she thought Sweet William was there."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM.
Take the OXIDINE PILLS. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing that it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most efficient remedy for grown people and children. Adv.

Enough for One Night.
Enthusiast (at musical recital)—We shall hear more of this young man. Sufferer—Not tonight, I hope!

A great majority of summer ills are due to Malaria in suppressed form. Laxative and headaches are but two symptoms. OXIDINE eradicates the Malaria germ and tones up the entire system. Adv.

Slow Courtship.
Bings—Funny, isn't it, how a city's atmosphere and habits leave marks on its inhabitants?

Jingo—Yes. Of course you connect Pittsburg and the smoke?

Bings—Oh, no! A Philadelphian, aged eighty, has just been jilted by a spinster in that city, aged seventy-five.—Judge.

Forced to Work.
An Edwards county farmer was short a harvest hand. He went to Kinsley, a mile away, in his auto. He found a man there, dumped him into his auto and took him out to the farm.

Next morning, when the drunkard had come out of it, he asked how far it was to town. The farmer told him fifteen miles, and promised to take him in the following Saturday if he would help harvest that week. The man worked all week without knowing that he was only a mile from town.—Kansas City Journal.

Big Crop Yarns Are Ripe.
Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture was talking about the record crops of 1912.

"These wonderful crops," he said, "are almost enough to make you believe the cross-cut saw story."

"A farmer, you know, sent his hired man to a neighbor's with a note saying:

"Friend Smith: Will you please lend me your cross-cut saw, as I wish to cut a watermelon up so as to get it into my dray?"

"The neighbor wrote back: 'Friend Jones: I would be glad to lend you my saw, but same has just got stuck in a cantaloupe.'"

CAREFUL DOCTOR
Prescribed Charge of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation."

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him."

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more. 'I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonsful. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.'"

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Well-Ville," in pkgs.

"There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.